



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING

VOL. VII. [III. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, SEPTEMBER 11, 1830.

NO. 8.

POPULAR TALES.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE BLACK LAKE

Strange thoughts at times come o'er me—thoughts that bring

A withering and a blight;—pangs have I felt,
But not the pangs of guilt.

My chum was at times a moody sort of a fellow. He would sit for hours with his elbow on his table and his feet crossed over the mantelpiece in complete abstraction. Whenever he had fallen into one of these reveries, farewell to college duties, his books were thrown aside, and you might as well interrogate a statue as attempt to draw him into conversation. These fits however were periodical, and were generally succeeded by a correspondent elevation of spirits, as the sun always shines brightest after a storm. Notwithstanding this, however, he was universally ranked among the 'good fellows' of the class; and I never knew one who could more agreeably entertain a merry circle when in his humour, or help to while away a tedious hour. He was none of your dry retailers of common place remarks or thrice told tales; his was the language of genuine feeling, the spontaneous outpourings of the soul. Often however something like a shade of melancholy would come over him even in his gaiety, and this lent an additional interest to his conversation. There appeared to be something connected with his early associations which at times crossed him with a blighting influence, and which he either brooded over with unavailing sorrow, or strove in vain to forget. The secret, however, whatever it was, was suffered to fester in his own bosom, for he seldom spoke of himself, unless it were to relate some isolated occurrence from which nothing satisfactory could be gathered. It was at one of these times, a cold evening in December, when we had thrown our books aside and drawn around the fire with some of our most inveterate story tellers who had been amusing us with tales of the marvellous, that he related the following:

'L—— and R—— were my first and I might almost say my only associates. We had mingled together in the tenderness of infancy and the recklessness of boyhood, our sports and pursuits had ever been the same, and from a long and uninterrupted intercourse our feelings had become entirely assimilated. The petty disagreements common among children never existed between us, even in our school boy days our intimacy was proverbial, in all cases of trouble we were each other's champions, and an insult offered to one was resented by all. These were the halcyon days of innocence and peace,—the school boy ramble, the morning walk, the evening recreation, and the holiday sports all were ours, and it was an additional pleasure that we were permitted to share them together.—There is something connected with the attachments of our childhood that operates on us like a spell, which the world with its routine of pleasures and cares may weaken but cannot destroy, and even the dim eye of age will brighten at the recollection of those days when with light and merry heart he sported away life's morning. I am still young with the hopes and expectations of youth beating high within me; but were it in my power, I would not exchange one hour of those early days when our feelings were tenderness and our hearts all love, for all the college honours that can be bestowed. But I am becoming sentimental.

'Years rolled on, and brought with them joyous anticipations and brighter prospects, without leaving a pang to embitter the recollections of the past. We had exchanged the gaiety and romantic dreams of childhood for the buoyancy and more determined ardour of youth, and beheld the future spread out before us in bright prospective, without a cloud to darken its sunshine. At the time of which I am now speaking we had returned home to spend a spring vacation after having completed a course of study preparatory to entering college. With the true classical mania of the youthful votary of science, we wandered among the haunts of our childhood, exhausted

our vocabulary of ancient mythology upon its hills, groves and fountains, harranged the Fauns and Dryads with murderous quotations from Virgil's Pastorals, courted the muses by the woods and waterfalls, in barbarous Greek 'till the very birds were frightened from their haunts, and to complete all wrote sonnets and repeated poetry by moonlight. A tide of albums immediately flowed in upon us. We could meet no friend and attend no parties of pleasure but one of those unwelcome visitants stared us in the face; and could the most ardent hopes and friendly advice that was ever conceived in wretched apologies for poetry for the benefit of those of whom we knew as little as we cared, have conferred beauty, happiness, or honour, surely that village had been a Paradise of the Pier, and ourselves immortal. I detest an Album. From the humble duodecimo of the school miss with its ruled foolscap and marbled sides, to the superb folio of the fashionables with its morocco dress and perfumed gilt embroidery, they are a farrago of love knots, drawings, and keepsakes of black and yellow hair, interspersed with odious specimens of penmanship in sublime quotations, original doggerel, threadbare compliment, and sickly sentimentalism. True the pure and genuine expression of affection and esteem will occasionally shine forth from the midst of this garbage; but it is like the taper in the lazaretto, serving but to light up its loathsomeness.—But it is time to pass to a subject of more painful interest, a subject which brings with it the most harrowing recollections, which has haunted my day dreams and my midnight slumbers, and thrown over me in my hours of gaiety the heart chilling gloom of the grave.

'It was one of the loveliest mornings of May. I shall not attempt a description, for prose is not the language of the lover of nature, and since reading my last sonnet in cool blood I have abandoned all thoughts of dying a poet. We had wandered out to watch the gradual developement of its beauties from the dim twilight and grey dawn with the matin song of the bird, to the shooting of the first sunbeam: and to propose new plans of enjoyment for the day. There was a solitary lake which lay a few miles distant among the mountains, remarkable for the romantic scenery which surrounded it, and for the dark transparency of its waters. It was declared by the oldest settlers to be in many places unfathomable, the credulity of former times had magnified its wonders, and it was the scene of many a mysterious tale and traditionary legend. To the timid there was something fearful in the very thought of a bottomless lake, and owing to this and other wild and superstitious notions which still prevailed, it was little frequented; nor among the numerous fishing exploits of our boyhood, had we at any time the hardihood to visit it. But now the very novelty of the thing was a sufficient inducement, and

the proposal of an excursion to 'Black Lake' was no sooner made than acceded to by all. A small seine was immediately procured, and our preparations being hastily completed, long before the middle of the day we had clambered over the intervening rocks, threaded the pathless thickets of exuberant bushwood, and were standing on the side of one of the loveliest lakes I ever beheld. There it lay, spread out in its solitary beauty, its dark waters contrasting with the deep green verdure of its sides, and reflecting the amphitheatre of hills around, with their steep sides covered with living foliage. Here and there huge masses and broken fragments of grey rock formed its frowning and precipitous sides, while beneath the birch and water willow hung over their long slender arms as if stooping to kiss its waters, or sported their yellow tassels upon its surface. There appeared but very few places where the declivity of the bank and the shallowness of the water would admit the drawing of the seine; and even then a suitability of depth was hardly to be depended upon, owing to the sudden slope of the ledges. However, after some examination it was thought an experiment might be hazarded. We determined that R——, who was ever a coward in the water, should wade near the shore with the end of the seine, I was to occupy the middle, while L——, a bold and vigorous swimmer was to sweep out with the other into the lake. We had proceeded in this order for some distance when a sudden jerk of the cord in my hand, and at the same time a half stifled cry from poor R——, admonished me that he had stepped from the treacherous ledge into the deep waters. I instantly hastened to his relief, and plunging after him, endeavoured in the hurry of the moment to seize him by the hand. He was then struggling violently at the bottom to extricate himself from the net to which he had clung, and in which by his exertions he had become entangled. But I had scarcely reached him when he fastened on me with the convulsive grasp of despair, that deprived me of all hope of rescuing him or even of disengaging myself. O the agony of that moment! Life with all its enjoyments, friends, hopes, and happiness, contrasted with the fearful death that now stared me in the face, all rushed through my mind, in maddening succession. And then to be thus linked as it were to the grave,—to be involved in the expiring struggles of a drowning man,—was there no release!—I felt the chilliness of death creeping over me, and with an almost superhuman effort I tore myself from him, and arose strangling and exhausted, with scarce sufficient strength to reach the shore. The remaining part of this tragical scene I witnessed an appalled and powerless spectator. L—— had by this time reached the spot and with a benevolent recklessness of the danger of the attempt, prepared to descend where R—— was plainly visible through the

clear transparency, apparently relaxing in his exertions, and idly grasping at something he fancied above him. There was a plunge,—a dark whirl of the waters as the circling eddies came up tipt with foam, and when tranquillity was again restored I saw him fiercely tugging to disengage himself from the death grapple of the drowning man. It was in vain. He had been eluded once, and his stiffening hand retained its hold with a power that defied his utmost exertions. How long this continued I know not,—time with me was annihilated, a sickly sensation came over me, and my last recollections are confusedly mingled with the struggles of the dying, and the rising of a few bubbles to the surface to tell that all was over.

Z.

FROM THE LITERARY SOUVENIR.
A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.
A FRENCH STORY.

Pourquoi rompre leur mariage mechains parens? is a question which will be asked as long as a difference of ranks exists in the world—as long as age is the time of prudence, and youth the season of love. What have the pulsations of the heart to do with the roll of the herald, or the cash-book of the banker? is the natural inquiry of the young; and the old will answer, that talking about the pulsations of the heart is nonsense good enough for novels, but that the other desiderata are matters of real life. I suppose that both are right.

In France, before the revolution, the nobility, as we all know, was a caste of itself, which would not bear the slightest invasion on the part of the canaille. It was not to be endured that the daughter of a noble house should so far forget herself as to marry beneath her. That she might intrigue with people of baser degree was admitted: it attached no stain to the family escutcheon: (provided always that she was married :) but to give her hand to one of the canaille—to bring a plebeian name into a patrician house—was a sin never to be forgiven. Poor girls! this false pride condemned you to nunneries in hundreds—tempted you in the paths of sin and disgrace in thousands.

Near Perpignan there dwelt, before the revolution, General de Valencay, a scion of one of the noblest houses in Navarre—a gentleman, as he himself said, of better blood than the old neighbours of his family, the Bourbons. High birth often brings with it kind manners—it ought to do so always. And the General was kind—a kind husband, kind father, kind master, kind landlord, and kind friend. Having, like most French gentlemen, spent much time at court, he had acquired that indescribable politeness, that air, that *tournure*, which the Parisians flatter themselves is (or was) only found in the circle to be seen from the heights of Montmartre. We need not subscribe altogether to this doctrine, but we must allow that the society of the *vietlle cour* was

delightful. It now appears to be altogether lost, and perhaps it is as well that it should be so.

His wife had been dead many years, and had left him one daughter. Of her, as of the daughter of Jephtha, the ballad-monger might most truly say, that she was 'fair,' and that her father loved her 'passing well.' Well did she deserve the love, for she was, indeed, that beau ideal of the human creation—an innocent and virtuous mind enshrined in the lovely person of a beautiful girl.

After this preface to my story, there are few of my fair readers who will not be able to give a shrewd guess at what is to come next. Nor will it signify if they succeed. Wherefore should I conceal that an accident, which has happened a thousand times before, and has been as frequently recorded, both in prose and in verse, should have befallen Jacqueline de Valencay.

The General, having remarked some symptoms of talent in the son of one of his dependants, had, with his usual good nature, educated him at his own expense. The youth grew into a man, or rather was approaching to manhood, when the General made him his secretary—a post which, as Valencay kept up little correspondence, was almost a sinecure. He was about five years older than Jacqueline, and that difference made him, in her childhood, in some degree her instructor. Guided by him, and under his eye, she imbibed the beauties of Italian lore. The polished elegance of Petrarch—the dark sublimity of Dante—the chivalrous beauty of Tasso—the flood of poetry bursting from the heart-cheering stanzas of Ariosto—the glories and the graces of that satin tongue were imparted to her by the lips of Louis Regnault. Hours devoted to study; and such study, when the tutor is twenty and the lady-pupil fifteen, speedily become hours devoted to something else. She soon was to him his Laura—much more than Laura, for he did not freeze his love in icy sonnets, clear and bright, and sparkling, but cold and unsubstantial. It burst from his lips at last—it was after a long struggle—it burst from his lips at last with all the warmth of the south—and it was heard. Need I say more? There were glowing cheeks, and wet eyes, and quivering hands. There was mourning over obstacles that appeared insurmountable: but then there was hope—brilliant, buoyant, soul-exhilarating hope—which whispered that *nothing* was insurmountable. In short, he loved her, and she loved him. Could either anticipate unhappiness?

The keen eye of the General soon discovered the existence of their passion; but he was too shrewd to attempt to thwart it abruptly. He contrived to keep the lovers as much asunder as possible, without appearing to have noticed their mutual affection. He had his measures already concerted in his own mind; and in the course of a fortnight, the Chateau

Valencay was honoured by a visit from Monsieur le Marquis de Valriviere.

Like most French Marquises of his time, Valriviere was a fine, good-humoured, gay, brave, dissipated, and infinitely vain fellow. He was already, though but eight-and-twenty a decided leader of the fashions at Paris. His word or example regulated the exact angle of the bow—the precise tie of the embroidered neckcloth—the most authentic knee-buckle—the most infallible ruffle—the most praise-worthy jewel for a ring. This was no light fame. No man under thirty had accomplished any thing like it for the last century. His word, of course, was equally potential in literature: for criticism and foppery in those days were sworn brethren. A new epic poem, and a new sword knot, were disposed of at the same *seance*; and the heart of the abstruse philosopher, weaving new systems of ethics, as well as that of the *Prima Donna* of the Opera—

Would bound,

Dreading the deep damnation of his Bah!

His father had been one of the General's earliest friends—they had campaigned together; and de Valencay had continued the affection to the son. It had been, long ago, agreed between the parents, that their children should be affianced to each other, and the Marquis had always looked upon it as an *affaire rangée*. He had never seen the young lady, but he took it for granted that all young ladies were the same; and that as he was to marry, he might as well marry one as another. As for love, &c.—Pshaw!

The General wrote to him to come down to Chateau Valencay, as he had something of importance to communicate to him. He apologized for bringing him from Paris into the barbarous retirement of the country at such a time of the year; hinted jocosely at the grief which would overwhelm the Dutchess de B—, The Comtesse de C—, Madame D—, and fifty opera dancers, in consequence of this movement into the interior; and proceeded to state, that a visit to his chateau, for reasons to be explained on his arrival, was indispensable. The Marquis immediately ordered his carriages, and travelling at the rate of ten miles an hour, a prodigious feat on French roads, made his appearance at Perpignan some days before the General expected a letter announcing his intention to depart from Paris.

De Valencay detailed the facts of the case.

'I would not conceal it from you, Valriviere, for the world. The girl is *eperdue* of this poor fellow; and you ought to be made acquainted with it. Candidly tell me what is your own view of the business. If you think this a ground for breaking off your contract I am ready to absolve you; for a daughter of the house of Valencay shall not be forced on any man, far less smuggled clandestinely into his family. She shall go into a nunnery, *au pis aller*. I should send her thither with pleasure sooner.'

But he stopped, and sighed. The 'with pleasure' was upon the lips: it was not in the heart.

'My dear General,' said the Marquis, 'you are making a mountain of the most trifling mole-hill. That Mademoiselle Jacqueline, shut up in this secluded chateau, may have romantic ideas—that she may fancy herself in love with this person, is perhaps possible; but after she is my wife, Madame le Marquise de Valriviere, she will forget all of this trumpery. The air of Paris will soon disperse the nonsense of the provinces. I make no objection. I am ready to fulfil my part of the business. But introduce me. I have a great fancy to behold *ma petite épouse*. If, after seeing me, she remembers this secretary of yours, her taste must, indeed, be barbarous beyond what my general good opinion of the ladies would incline me to believe.'

The General had succeeded as far as one of the parties was concerned. Valriviere was introduced, and talked gayly on all the affairs of Paris. All the wit, and all the scandal of the saloons were poured forth—the beauties, the wits, the poets, the philosophers, the cooks, the chemists, the politicians, (they were beginning to have politicians in 1785,) the actors, the singers, the painters, the tailors, the marchandes des modes—every body, in fact, was discussed, valued, and dismissed by him during dinner. Poor Louis was *ecrase*, and Jacqueline was at least dazzled. They well knew that she was destined to be Valriviere's wife, and the humble lover was distracted—the extent of his misfortune for the first time stared him in the face. As soon as he could leave the room, he fled into the neighbouring forest to vent his sorrows. The evening was bright and balmy, but its balminess brought no consolation to poor Louis; who, having exhausted his thoughts of grief, rage, bitterness and despair, in all the eloquence and vehemence of passion, sunk in a stupor on the ground.

From this state the sound of well known voices aroused him. The General and Valriviers had walked out to enjoy the fineness of the evening. The Marquis was praising the grace and beauty of his intended spouse, and observed that a winter in Paris would render her *vraiment distinguée*. He jested on the pretensions of his rustic rival, who, however, he admitted, to be a good-looking fellow.

'He is,' said the General, with a sigh; 'and he is also a good-hearted fellow. I hope he will forget his boyish passion. His own good sense will point out the folly of indulging it; and I am sure his amiable disposition will make him recoil from doing what would break the heart of one who has always endeavoured to be his friend, and who, even now, regards him with the affection of a father.'

They passed on, and Louis heard no more of their conversation: he had heard enough. The fact that the General knew what the lovers considered to be an inviolable secret, was

startling—but his kindness came like an icy pang upon his heart.

'I break his heart!' he said. 'No—no—my own first—and heaven knows that speech has already broken it. O, Jacqueline! (why do I dare to call her by such a name)—Mademoiselle de Valencay, I resign you for ever. Accursed be these differences of rank—these blighting distinctions, which wither the only fair flowers that decorate the wilderness of life.'

His resolution was taken; he would see her once more—and see her in private. Through the medium of her nurse, who was privy to all their little arrangements, he invited her to meet him in the garden, by the fountain which had first witnessed their loves. It was a secluded old-fashioned garden, surrounded by immense walls, and quite out of sight of any part of the house. In the evening the family seldom entered it, and Louis thought it the most private spot he could select. With some difficulty, Jacqueline consented—decorum pleaded hard, but love still harder.

They met in silence, and the tears of Louis flowed as copiously as those of his beloved. At last he took her unresisting hand into the chilly pressure of his own:

'Jacqueline,' he said, 'I must call you by that name for this one occasion. My presumption has been punished as it ought to be. It raised me to a pinnacle of unexpected happiness, thence to be hurled into the depths of despair. We part—part this hour—and part for ever!'

Jacqueline wept, but no word escaped from her quivering lips. He proceeded:

'That I love you with an intensity of passion, I need not affirm. I fear that it is returned.'

'Fear it, Louis!' said she; 'if it be an object of fear, be prepared to tremble:' she forced a languid smile, but her voice was solemn with emotion, when she added, 'I love you better than my life.'

'The more cruel then is my punishment,' he replied—'what an unhappy lot is mine, to bring misery upon those for whom I am ready to die!'

In broken and agitated sentences, he told her his determination to leave the country—he repeated what he had overheard—requested her to forget her misplaced affection for her lowly admirer—and 'oh! that such advice should flow from my lips!' he concluded, 'give your hand, and if you can, your heart, to the object of your father's choice.'

The pale girl scarcely answered him a word; she hung her head upon her lover's shoulder, and his bosom was wet with her tears. Her filial duty contended against her unfortunate passion; but if he had pressed, who can say that it would have required much solicitation to have made her the partner of his fortunes? A sound of heavy footsteps alarmed them, and they bade one another a melancholy farewell. Their lips met for the first time—and Jacqueline, scarcely knowing what she

did, vanished through one of the alleys of the garden.

The steps by which they had been disturbed, were those of Jacqueline's father, who, on his return to the house, discovered that his daughter and Louis were both absent, and went somewhat displeased in quest of them. He encountered Louis, and demanded, rather angrily, what he was doing there at so late an hour. The young man, who did not wish to compromise Jacqueline, offered some trivial, and not very plausible excuse, which irritated the General.

'It is false, sir,' said he.

'I cannot permit any man, sir, to use such language to me,' was the reply of Louis.

'You must permit it when you utter a falsehood. Tell me then, sir, truly, if you can, was Mademoiselle de Valencay in the garden with you?'

'Since I am so pointedly questioned, I must answer you, that she was.'

'I see I have taken a viper into my house. Louis, I once had a good opinion of you; but—'

'If you knew my case,' said the young man, 'you would still—'

'What, sir, do you bandy words with me? Fine times we have come to! A *roturier* here wants to ensnare the affections of my daughter, and dares to insult myself. Take that, *coquin*,' and he made a blow at Louis, who, however, arrested his uplifted arm.

'General de Valencay,' said Louis, 'you were not used to behave to me thus. I will not allow you to inflict an insult, which, in your cooler moments, you would lament. The memory of the great benefits you have heaped upon me, the recollection of the dreams of happiness which I have enjoyed in your chateau, make me regret that we part as we do. Adieu! may heaven forgive you for the sin which you are about to commit, and shower down blessings upon her, who suffers for the gratification of your pride. As for me, you will at last do me justice.'

So saying, he passed hastily out of the garden, and directed his footsteps towards the town. The General hemmed and stamped, and whistled; but in a moment began to feel that he was not altogether in the right.

'I am sorry we part so,' said the General. 'He was ever a fine manly fellow—and a plebeian is as much flesh and blood as the Grand Monarque. The fault was mine in allowing them to be so much together. I must see Jacqueline, poor romantic girl! but all girls are silly at her age. She will live to thank me for saving her from disgrace.'

The displeasure he felt with himself for his violence, had, as usual, produced a re-action, and he sought his daughter with his feelings considerably subdued. He made no allusion whatever to her interview with Louis, and when she put off his proposed discussion of the propriety of her marriage with Valriviere,

by saying, first, with a melancholy eagerness, 'not to-night, father—oh! not to-night!' and then attempting to correct her energy, by stammering out a blushing excuse of accidental headache, he took no notice, but smiled, and withdrew from her apartment.

We need not linger over our story. Her father argued with her calmly and affectionately. He pointed out the utter disgrace of an inferior union—he talked kindly but coolly of youthful affection—assured her that his marriage with her own mother was an arrangement, and that he need not tell *her* how happy that union had been; pointed out the rank, birth, and accomplishments of the Marquis; and wound up his appeal by the most irresistible of all his arguments, by appealing to her love and duty to himself. She wavered, and submitted; but declared that when the Marquis made his formal proposals, he should hear from her the whole truth.

(Concluded in our next.)

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF BIOGRAPHY.

Ira Allen, a brother of Ethan, removed to Vermont in early life, where he held various important offices, and possessed the confidence of the people. He wrote the 'Natural and Political History of Vermont;' died 1810.

Heman Allen, a relative of the two preceding, is a native of Vermont. He possesses talent of a high order, and has filled many distinguished stations, both in the service of the U. S. and of his native state.

Wm. H. Allen, a Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy, was slain in the action with the pirates in the W. Indies, in 1822.

Samuel Allen, proprietor by purchase, and Governor of New-Hampshire, about the year 1690; died 1705.

Francis Allison, a distinguished Divine and learned preacher of Philadelphia, a native of Ireland, came to this country in 1755; died 1777, greatly lamented.

Richard Alsop, a native of Conn.; he possessed fine talents, and is generally known as a poet and a translator; he died in 1815.

Joseph Alston, an eminent governor of S. Carolina; died 1816.

Fisher Ames, one of the most distinguished men of his time, was born in Dedham, Mass.; he was a brilliant and powerful speaker, and possessed a mind of a great and extraordinary character; died 1806.

Lord Jeffery Amherst, born in England, succeeded Abercrombie in the command of the Royal forces in America, 1758; captured Louisburg, Nova Scotia, same year; took Ticonderoga and Crown Point, August 1759; he returned to England, where he was created Field Marshal; he died 1798, aged 80.

Vesputius Americus, one of the first discoverers of the continent unjustly called after

him, and to the injury of Cabot and Columbus, who discovered the *main land* in 1498, whereas Americus did not until the next year.

John Andre, an Adjutant general in the British army in America, and aid-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton. He was taken and executed as a spy, while negotiating with Arnold concerning the surrender of W. Point, 1780. He was distinguished for his talents, and elegance of manners, and died much lamented, both by friend and foe, at the age of 29.

Sir Edmond Andross, governor of the colony of New York in 1674, and of New England in 1686. His administration was odious and tyrannical, and he was seized by the people, and sent to England, but was never tried; he came over in 1692, as governor of Virginia, and died in London, 1714.

John Antes a native of America, educated in Germany, celebrated as a traveller and missionary; died 1811.

Nathaniel Appleton, D. D., a distinguished divine of Cambridge, Mass., born at Ipswich, 1692; was fellow of the University for 60 yrs. and received the second degree D. D. which the Cambridge University ever conferred; the first having being conferred on Increase Mather, 80 years before. His writings are numerous.

Jesse Appleton, D. D., a writer of eminence and a President of Bowdoin College; died in 1819.

John Archdale, governor of S. Carolina in 1690—95; was instrumental in quieting the tumults of the colonies in that early period, and introduced the first rice ever in the country.

Samuel Argall, an adventurer in this country in 1609; he subdued the Dutch on Hudson's river, and was appointed governor of Virginia in 1617, but his administration proving odious, he was obliged to fly the country.

John Armstrong, a brigadier general in the army of the revolution, assisted in the memorable defence of Fort Moultrie, (S. C.) and in the battle of Germantown, Penn., with the reputation of an able officer; afterwards chosen a delegate to Congress from Pennsylvania; died 1795.

Benedict Arnold, succeeded Roger Williams as governor of the Colony of Rhode Island, and was afterwards repeatedly appointed governor under its present charter: he died 1678.

Benedict Arnold, a distinguished major general in the American army, and infamous for deserting the cause of his country, in attempting to surrender the fortress of West Point to the British—for committing ravages in Virginia, after his desertion, and a wanton butchery of the garrison at Fort Griswold, Conn. It is related of him that while on his expedition to Virginia, in 1781, at the head of 2000 royal troops, he inquired of an American officer, whom he had taken prisoner, what the Yankees would do with him should he fall into their hands. The officer answered, 'Why,

sir, if I must tell you, you must excuse me for telling you the plain truth: if my countrymen should catch you, they would first cut off that leg which was twice wounded in the cause of your country, and bury it with the honours of war; and then hang the rest of your body in gibbets.' The reader will recollect that the officer alluded to the wounds he received in the leg, at the attack on Quebec, 1776, and in the memorable battle of Saratoga, October 7th, 1777.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A SKETCH.

His morning sun rose fair—No wandering cloud floated across its bright and pearly surface: no gathering storm lowered over its even path-way in its onward progress to meridian glory. He grew up to manhood. The damask tinge of health was on his cheek—the fire of youthful passion sparkled in his eye, yet tempered with the placid expression of cheerfulness and contentment. He revelled in the clear and calm sunshine of friendship—smiling plenty crowned his frugal board—the blooming partner of his bosom joyfully welcomed him to his homely cot—the angel of peace with outspread wings, hovered over his domestic altar—his sleep—that of the labouring man, was sweet, for he sunk to rest in the possession of conscious innocence.

But the destroyer came—he offered the tempting chalice to his lips, and bade him taste its sweets. The workshop was neglected for the haunts of vice and the scenes of midnight revelry and debauch—the homely cot, once the abode of happiness, seldom greeted his presence but to witness acts of brutal violence—the blossoms of intemperance flourished thick upon his visage—the languid, blood shot eye marked its fearful progress, and the haggard look, and hollow cough bespoke the swift decay of nature. Poverty and wretchedness became the inmates of his dwelling, and sorrow and suffering the portion of his family. He fills a drunkard's grave.

What is law like?—Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it till they are fairly tired out. Law is like a book of surgery—there are a great many terrible cases in it. It is like physic too, they that take the least of it are best off. It is like a homely gentleman, 'very well to follow;' and like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it, 'and like bad weather,' most people are glad to get out.

Charity well applied.—Mr. Fessenden, the editor of the New England Farmer, in a dissertation on Pauperism, lately read by him to the Charlestown Lyceum, observed that he knew 'a certain man of Ross, in New England preclude for a number of years the necessity

of any poor persons applying to the town for assistance, by taking a little pains to make himself acquainted with the situation and prospects of the poorer part of the population—lending them small sums on emergencies, sometimes without interest; employing them on a large farm, which he owned and cultivated and paying them for their labor with its produce, without making any extra charge in seasons of scarcity.'

Seasoning.—Dionysius, the tyrant, being at an entertainment given to him by the Lacedemonians, expressed some disgust at their black broth. 'No wonder,' said one of them. 'for it wants seasoning.' 'What seasoning?' asked the tyrant. 'Labour,' replied the citizen, 'joined with hunger and thirst.'

The Irishman's wit.—A gentleman in Newport, walking on one of the wharves, encountered an Irish laborer employed in digging, and feeling in a curious mood; inquired, 'What part of Ireland are you from?' 'What part, hey? och, from all parts of, jist at present, your honor!'

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1830.

Our Village.—The fourth series of 'Our Village, or Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery,' by Miss Mary Russell Milford, has been recently republished in New-York, by Mr. Elam Bliss. This work is worthy of the pen of Miss Milford, and will doubtless increase the high reputation which she at present sustains for her vivid and beautiful delineations of rural scenery, her playful yet glowing descriptions of the simple character, peaceful life and unsophisticated manners of the humble residents of 'our village.'

SUMMARY.

It is said that a machine has been constructed in England for dressing stones, which will in a little more than a minute, give a smooth surface to a stone five feet in length by one in breadth.

Buffalo, N. Y. has quadrupled its population in ten years and has now more than 8,000 inhabitants.

Mr. Bonfanti advertises a new article in the New-York papers—a pocket umbrella which can be expanded instantly to a size calculated to shelter from sun or rain.

A new and most extensive Scientific and Military History of the French Expedition to Egypt, has been undertaken in Paris, by several eminent military and literary men.

MARRIED.

In this city, by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Edward Simmons to Miss Eleanor Shephard.

In New-York, on the 15th ult. by the Rev. Samuel Luckey, Mr. Charles M'Lean to Miss Elizabeth Lewis.

DIED.

In this city, on the 31st ult. Mrs. Violet Hopkins, aged 54 years.

In this city, on Saturday last, Edgar, son of Mr. Stephen B. Jordan, aged 3 years.

At Hillsdale, on the 31st ult. Joseph Richards, Jun. the eldest son of Dr. Joseph Richards, in the 22d year of his age.

At Waterloo, N. Y. on the 21st ult. Mr. George Inslee, aged 29 years, formerly of Claverack.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY. SONNET.

The streamlets soft murmur comes sweet on the ear,
As its waters move swiftly but smoothly along—
And soothingly pleasant, indeed 'tis to hear,
The wild plaintive notes of the warbling throng—
The soft gales that whisper the flowers among,
Exhaling the scents of the lily and rose,
Come over the senses like th' music of song,
Entrancing the feelings, inviting repose—
Becalmed are the passions, and quiet the mind,
Enjoying such beauties and scenes of delight—
The thoughts are enkindled, exalted, refined,
Yet as calm and serene as the stillness of night.
When the pale moon looks down o'er the slumbers of men,
And pours her soft light into valley and glen.

OSMAR.

FROM THE LONDON NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. THE DIVER.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

Wretched men

*Are cradled into poetry by wrong,
They learn in suffering what they teach in song.*

Thou hast been where the rocks of coral grow,
Thou hast fought with eddying waves :
Thy cheek is pale and thy heart beats low,
Thou searcher of Ocean's caves !

Thou hast looked on the gleaming wealth of old,
Midst wrecks where the brave have striven,
The Deep is a strong and a fearful hold,
But thou its bars hast riven.

A wild and weary life is thine,
A wasting toil and lone !

Though the treasure-grotes for thee may shine,
To all besides unknown.

A weary life ! but a swift decay
Soon, soon shall set thee free ;

Thou art passing fast from the strife away—
Thou wrestler with the sea !

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,
Well are the death-signs read :

Go ! for the pearl in its cavern seek,
Ere hope and power be fled !

And bright in Beauty's coronal
That glistening gem shall be ;
A star to all in the festive hall—
But who shall think on thee ?

None ! as it gleams from the queen-like head,
Not one midst throngs will say,
'A life hath been like a rain-drop shed,
For that pale quivering ray.'

Wo ! for the wealth so dearly bought !
And are not those like thee,
Who win for earth the gems of thought,
O wrestler with the sea ?

Down to the gulphs of the soul they go .
Where the passion fountains burn,
Gather the jewels far below
From many a buried urn ;

Wringing from lava-veins the fire
That o'er bright words is poured ;

Learning deep sounds, that make the lyre
A spirit in each chord !

But oh ! the price of bitter tears
Paid for the lonely power,
That throws at best, o'er desert-years,
A darkly glorious dower !

As flower-seeds far by the wild wind spread,
So precious thoughts are strewed ;
The soul, whence those high gifts are shed,
May faint in solitude.

And who will think when the strain is sung
'Till a thousand hearts are stirred,
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gushed with every word ?

None ! none ! his treasures live like thine,
He strives and dies with thee ;

Thou that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,
O wrestler with the sea !

PARODY.

'This world's' not 'all a fleeting show
For man's illusion given ;'

He that hath soothed a widow's wo,
Or wiped an orphan's tear doth know,
There's something here of Heaven.

And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of Heaven.

He that the Christian's course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man,
On earth hath tasted Heaven.

ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Bee Hive.

PUZZLE II.—Rain
Umbrella } RUM.
Man }

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I descend to the earth on the wings of the night,
When the fair budding flowers bid adieu to the light ;
Unheeded by all, on the violet's breast,
'Till the waking of dawn, I slumber at rest ;
My existence is brief, and I melt in the ray,
Emitted from heaven by the monarch of day.

II.

Why was Algiers and Malta as opposite as light and darkness ?

ASHBEL STODDARD,

Has constantly for sale, at his Book-Store, all kinds of School Books now in use, which he will sell on the lowest terms. Also, a general assortment of Miscellaneous Books, Blank Books, Writing and Letter Paper, Lawyers' and Justices' Blanks, Writing and Printing Ink, Stationary, Garden Seeds, &c. &c.

N. B. Printing of every description executed at this office on the most reasonable terms.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Is printed and published every other Saturday at One Dollar per annum, payable in advance, by WILLIAM B. STODDARD, at Ashbel Stoddard's Printing Office and Book Store, No. 135, Corner of Warren and Third Streets, Hudson, N. Y.—where communications may be left, or transmitted through the post office.

☞ All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.